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"THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU FREE."—CHRIST.

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## A TALE OF THE SEA.

TOLD ON CHRISTMAS EVE.

It was Christmas Eve. I was spending it not in the sweet circle round the home fireside, but in the saloon of a steamer, where there was nothing to remind one of the blessed season of peace and good-will save a solitary cross of evergreen which one passenger had fastened over her state-room door. It was a wild night. A violent snow-storm was raging, and on deck the scene was dreary and arctic. Snow and ice covered everything, and the muffled forms of the sailors passing to and fro under the glare of the lanterns appeared like the weird ghosts of dead Arctic voyagers. I was glad to seek the warm saloon, and gather myself into a corner of a lounge. To watch the movements of the passengers was amusement enough, and served to prevent me from thinking too tenderly of the home circle where I was missed from the festivities of Christmas Eve.

Moving round among all those who were sick was the trim, plump figure of the old stewardess. She was carrying all those little delicacies so welcome to a sufferer from sea-sickness. The quiet, placid face of the old lady interested me, and in those few days already passed since leaving port we had become firm friends. With the quick instinct of a woman who had to do with all kinds of people, she felt that I liked her company, and she had already formed the habit of coming for a quiet chat with me the last thing at night, after all her sea-sick charges were safely tucked in their berths and her duties for the day over.

I was impatient to-night for her leisure hour to arrive, for I saw a

strange tenderness in the old lady's face, and felt sure that the season was arousing old memories in her heart, which perhaps I could induce her to tell me. So when at last she came and sat down on one end of the lounge where I was lying, I said, trying to lead the conversation to what I felt was uppermost in her mind, "It is a rough night for Christmas Eve."

"Yes, ma'am," she replied, smoothing the folds of the kerchief across her breast; "but I've seen many a rougher night at sea in my day, and"—thoughtfully—"sadder Christmas Eves, too."

"Have you spent many years on the ocean?" I asked.

"Yes, ma'am, but not in this way. I used to have my own little cabin in my husband's ship—a cozy little place, where I used to be always at his side, and never felt afraid of storm nor wind."

"Tell me about it," I said. "Surely a life like yours has had much of interest in it."

"Well, ma'am, I've been thinking it all over to-night, and if you don't mind, I'll tell you some of the things a sailor's wife has to pass through, and how her heart gets rung very hard sometimes."

"I hadn't much knowledge of those things when I married Charlie, for I was a slip of a girl then, and knew no more of the sea than one learns in watching the vessels sail out of and into a quiet land-bound harbour. So when Charlie asked me to be his wife and go to sea with him—for although he was young, he had a ship of his own—I said yes with all my heart, for I loved the honest-hearted sailor, ma'am, ever since we were little children together. I only thought then of the



strange sunny lands Charlie had told me about, and to go to see them with him was to take a trip to paradise. Well, we were married just before he was to start on a voyage to Brazil. I mind me so well of that voyage, ma'am, just as if it all happened yesterday. It was late in November when we started, and right off Hatteras we had a terrible gale. I was so frightened when the wind howled and whistled through the rigging, and almost wished myself back in the old cottage with mother—for I had a dear mother then, God bless her memory!"

The old lady's voice broke, and she stopped to wipe away the tears which ran down her cheeks.

"But when the wind blew the wildest, Charlie only laughed, and at last I cried myself to sleep in his arms, like a frightened child.

"And when we came down into the warm tropic seas I was so happy watching the flying-fish and the great floating fields of gulf weed; and at night, when the sea was shining and the ship seemed passing through a lake of silver, all my dreams of paradise were realised.

"Then came the foreign land, with strange, swarthy faces, and words I didn't know, and odd fruits, and all manner of queer things. Charlie was never tired of bringing me new and curious trinkets, and I made my little cabin as fancy as a Chinese toy shop.

"When we came home from that voyage, my little Minnie was born. She was a darling blue-eyed baby, and Charlie was so anxious for her comfort that he persuaded me to stay at home with mother, and he went on the next voyage alone.

"But I couldn't bear it; so when he came home again, I begged him to let me go back to my home in the little cabin. He had found it desolate enough without me, so he said, and we went again together.

"This voyage we lay a long time in the Brazilian port, and before we sailed for home, another baby was in my arms. We called her Pepita, after our dear old ship, and it was hard to say which the sailors petted the most, the ship or the baby.

"All went well with us until we

were within three days' sail of home, and then a terrible storm came on. It was in the winter, and for eight long days we tossed at the mercy of the tempest. It was an awful time, ma'am. Charlie didn't laugh then, and although he tried to speak cheerful words, I could see he was almost wild with anxiety. I'll never forget that time, when I sat day and night on the cabin floor, with Minnie clinging to my dress and poor little Pepita in my arms listening to the waves crashing against the ship as if every moment must be our last. The sailors would come down now and then for a drop of hot coffee and to warm their frozen fingers, for everything on deck was covered with ice. They hadn't the heart, poor fellows, to speak to the children, and I saw more than one tear on their rough cheeks when they looked at them, and Pepita would smile and stretch out her little hands in her unconscious baby way.

"But God saved us after all. In the evening of the eighth day the wind changed, and we drifted into calmer water. If it hadn't been for the east wind blowing, we might just as well have drifted the other way, for the ship was almost helpless. It was about two in the morning when Charlie rushed into the cabin, and almost carried me in his arms to the door. There I saw, gleaming through the fog, two great shining lights. They were like angels' eyes looking from heaven to me. I've passed those Highland Lights many a time since, ma'am. I've seen them in soft summer evenings and clear spring mornings, but I never see them without my whole heart going out in thanksgiving and praise. No one to whom they have not shone as they did to me that night can know what they really mean, standing there on the headland and pointing to heaven."

"Well, we saw the lights from other vessels all around us, and at day-break a tug was alongside taking our forlorn, nearly wrecked ship up the harbour, and before night I laid Pepita in my mother's arms.

"After that, Charlie wouldn't hear of my going to sea again. He said he could bear anything if the children were



not suffering too ; so, for the sake of my little ones, I consented to stay behind. Charlie bought a little cottage on the coast, where I could overlook the sea, and I settled down quietly to take care of the children while he went his voyages.

"He kept on going to Brazil and back for a long time. Twice I left the children with mother—for she had come to live with us in the cottage—and went with him, for it hurt me to pass all my life away from Charlie's side.

"We had saved a good bit of money, too, for Charlie wasn't like some sailors, who throw everything about when they are on shore. Every penny we could spare he laid by for the little girls—for they were always little girls to him, and always will be.

"But our day of anxiety was to come. An opportunity was offered to Charlie to go on a long voyage to the East Indies. The chance, as we looked at it, was too good to be thrown away ; so he sold the Pepita, which was getting to be an old ship, and went off as half owner of another barque, the Arago.

"After he was gone we settled back into the old ways ; the children went to school, and mother and I kept the house tidy. But I was uneasy ; I didn't dare to say anything to trouble the girls, but I never lay down at night without dreaming of shipwreck, and when the time came round when we could expect news from Charlie, it seemed as if my heart would burst with anxiety. The news never came. Day after day we waited, and little by little a sad silence settled down on our cot. When word would come of the arrival of ships which sailed long after Charlie's did, we would look in each other's faces and never speak a word, but each knew what sorrow was in the other's heart. Only little Pepita never gave up. 'My father will come back, my father will come back,' she used to say, until I couldn't bear to hear her, because I couldn't believe it ; and when she used to stand for hours, shading her eyes with her hand and gazing off over the water, it drove me almost wild, because I knew what she was watching for.

"A summer and winter and another summer had passed since Charlie went

away, and when Christmas came round again, I laid my poor mother in the churchyard, and came back alone with my children to the cottage.

"How I got through the next year, ma'am, I can never tell. As I look back it appears like an awful dream, but I do remember the Christmas Eve, the third without Charlie. Minnie, Pepita, and I sat huddled round the fire talking in low tones about our lost ; for we could bear now to speak of him sometimes, and it soothed me to hear the children talk and to see how much they loved him. Pepita tried that night to sing one of the sailor songs he had taught her, but she couldn't do that. Her voice broke down, and we couldn't one of us speak another word.

"It was a sad Christmas Eve, ma'am—the first one when all hope had really gone out, and when I lay down to sleep that night, I felt that, except I must live for the children's sake, it would be such a blessing to die.

"Christmas morning was very clear, and I remember how the sunlight danced in our little kitchen. It fell like a blessing on Minnie's pretty hair, making it sparkle like gold, and reflected on the picture of Charlie's ship—not the lost one, but the dear old Pepita, which hung on the wall.

"The children kept busy preparing our little Christmas dinner, but I couldn't do a thing that morning. My heart was like lead—so stupid are we sometimes, ma'am, so blind to God's mercy hanging over us.

"The table was spread, and we sat down to our sad repast. Minnie folded her hands to say grace, when—oh, ma'am, I can hardly tell you about it, even after all these years—Pepita screamed like one mad with joy. I sprang to my feet. I couldn't tell what had happened to me. I saw looking in at the window—Charlie—Charlie alive and well !

"I don't know how it all was ; I know I couldn't move. I saw, as in a dream, Charlie in the room, and Pepita's arms around his neck ; then I fell on his shoulder like one dead.

"There are no words to tell you, ma'am, of the joy and happiness we



knew in our little cottage that Christmas Day. We couldn't realise it ourselves. I didn't dare to take my eyes from Charlie for a moment, lest I should look back and find him gone. Minnie and Pepita both sat clinging to him and caressing him. He had a long story to tell us of shipwreck upon shipwreck, of long waiting upon lonely islands, watching month after month for sails which seemed never to come—adventures through which many a poor sailor has passed, and from which many a one has never come back to tell the story as Charlie did.

"That night, sitting by the fire after the children had left us alone, I made Charlie promise me that he would never leave me again, but give up the sea and stay with us in the cottage.

"I didn't realise till long afterwards how hard it had been for him to promise me that. I had come to have such a terror of the sea that I couldn't realise how a sailor's heart delighted in it. When years had passed and Minnie and Pepita had both married and left us alone, I began to feel how hungry Charlie was for the life he had loved so much. He used to spend his time wandering about the docks and going on board the ships in from foreign ports; and sometimes he would sit on the cliff for hours with his spy-glass, watching the passing vessels, and more than once I heard him sigh, as if his heart was bursting; but I would never listen when he spoke of going to sea again, until at last his health began to fail, and it seemed there was nothing for him but to return to his old life or die. But I couldn't bear to let him go alone, and he couldn't bear to leave me behind. We were both too old to begin life over again in the long trading voyages; and as Charlie had the offer of the place of first mate of this ship—the captain is an old friend of his, ma'am—I got the situation as stewardess, and for three years Charlie and I have been travelling back and forth together, and we will continue to do it as long as God gives us health and strength to bear the journey."

The old lady stopped and looked hesitatingly at me and at some other passengers who had gathered near to

listen, as if she feared we were wearied by her long family history.

I hastened to reassure her by thanks for the pleasant way she had entertained us during the long Christmas Eve at sea.

"And so Charlie is really here on board with you?" I said.

"Oh yes, ma'am," she replied, smiling. "I would not be here without him. Did you mind the man who was speaking to me at the cabin door to-night—the tall, stout man with a grey beard? Yes, you saw him, did you? That was Charlie"

### HOW TO LIVE.

WE have read that when a Hindoo priest is about to baptise an infant, he speaks over it this beautiful sentence: "Little babe, thou didst enter the world weeping while all around thee smiled; contrive so to live that thou mayest depart in smiles while all around thee weep." Is not this the whole of living? Christ enjoined upon us a life of mutual helpfulness; he gave great prominence to that law of love, which causeth, when allowed to grow as its nature dictates, heart to seek heart, thus binding all lives with the one life of humanity, and the life on earth into that of Heaven.

"Contrive so to live that thou mayest depart in smiles while all around thee weep." Ah, what a life is here implied? A life of kindly action, of generous forethought, a life given for others without expectation of return; a repetition of kindnesses even to the seemingly unthankful, thus labouring with Christ for the shedding abroad of a divine peace in many hearts. And this it is which bringeth peace to our own souls when the end cometh, for looking back over a journey in which we have done as best we could for the furthering of the cause of the kingdom, we can but see that now we are entering upon a new existence, where, more in harmony with the divine aids, we can do yet more for men.

And thus will the injunction of the Hindoo become to us a reality; that while we shall look forward to a



broader field for the doing of God's work with smiles and peaceful joy, they, who through love have come to know our hearts, shall mourn their taking away with much, though not with ceaseless weeping. O, friend, let the truth be pressed home to thy soul, only to blossom forth in loving deeds, "No man liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself."

## CHRISTMAS AND THE NEW YEAR.

Bright was the guiding star that led,  
With mild, benignant ray,  
The Gentiles to the lowly shed  
Where the Redeemer lay.

But lo ! a brighter, clearer light  
Now points to his abode :  
It shines through sin and sorrow's night,  
To guide us to the Lord.

THE Christmas and the New Year are both periods of social festivity, abounding also with good points for thankfulness, and for moral reflections. Our children often think how very long the period is between the beginning and the end of the year. But like many of us, as they grow older, they will begin to say how swiftly do these seasons come round. We all do well to fill such seasons with bright and happy remembrances to the young, for their days of darkness will probably be many. It is our duty as Unitarians to endeavour to make our children feel what an immense service has been done for mankind by the teaching and example of him whose birthday we celebrate at the close of the year. No church can speak with greater naturalness, or greater sincerity of joy than our own at Christmas time. And just now, while the war spirit is abroad, we ought to talk more and more about the song of the angels, and words of good will and peace. A better time we have not for instructing our young people in the great duties of kindness and forbearance.

The New Year is now before us, with all its good and all its ills. With reference to it, shall we not say with the apostle :—"I count not myself to have apprehended, but this one thing I do ; forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those

things which are before, I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus !"

Our Father, through the coming year  
We know not what shall be,  
But we would leave without a fear  
Its ordering all to Thee.

Lord, from this year more service win  
More glory, more delight !  
Oh ! make its hours less sad with sin,  
Its days with Thee more bright !

To all our readers do we extend most sincerely the greetings of the season, and wish them a Happy New Year !

## THE TEN STRONG POINTS OF UNITARIANISM.

IN the present state of religious feeling, and the restlessness so evident among the churches of Christendom in reference to the fundamental articles of belief, it is clear to us that Unitarian churches cannot do better than publicly declare and emphasise a few of the strong points of their position. There may be some things to deplore among our own churches and other churches, yet, while this is so there is much for which we all ought to be thankful. There is a manifest tendency everywhere to greater simplicity and rationality of doctrine. No one can deny that a testing time has come, and that the ecclesiastical chaff and stubble are being burnt up. In the next place there is evidently greater charity of feeling spreading among the sects of Christendom. They more frankly recognise the truth in each and the good in all, and co-operate with each other as well in much that is common to all churches. We rejoice in this, though we ourselves are often excluded from such action. The third matter of interest is the greater practicalness of the teaching and preaching. The days of hair-splitting on nice theological and metaphysical questions are about over. Thus it is we mark the signs of a new reformation everywhere in the simplicity, charity, and practicability of the sects. Let us now see if there are not a few points among ourselves of a very affirmative character in which we can be agreed, and testify that agreement to the world



and the churches. Surely we can affirm as of old: (1) that the Bible and the right of private judgment are at the basis of our church existence. (2) That we believe in one God the Father who is in all, above all, and through all. (3) That we worship the Father in spirit and in truth, and that he is infinite in power and wisdom and love. (4) That religion is the love of God and the love of man. (5) That Christ is our Lord and Master and that all we are brethren. (6) That we are the children of the Living God, made by him to live a wise and loving, a godly and sober life. (7) That sin is the violation of the law of God, and is followed by a just retribution. (8) That repentance and forgiveness of sins are taught by all the prophets and the apostles, and by Jesus Christ. (9) That the great work of Christianity is to reconcile men to God. (10) That there is a future and an endless life in which the Divine justice and goodness will be for ever displayed. We are persuaded, if our churches take up more earnestly the enunciation of such doctrines, they will hasten the time of greater union among all sects, and of righteousness, peace, and good will among all men.

#### A NEW YEAR'S GREETING.

On this blest day, apart from all the year,  
Held consecrate to words of friendly  
cheer;

When on the graves of buried joys we  
strew

The budding flowers of hope, wet with the  
dew

Of tenderest regret; when friend to friends  
Rich gifts and tokens of affection sends;  
When even foes forget their ire awhile  
And meet unconscious, with a friendly  
smile,—

I plead the custom of the day, to bring  
For your acceptance, this thank-offering.

A happy New Year to the gentle friend,  
Whose ever ready sympathies extend  
To all the poor and needy of the earth,  
The weak in virtue, and the poor in worth;  
Whose gentle hand the erring step would  
guide  
To wisdom's pleasant paths; whom pompous  
pride

Cannot o'erawe, or glittering fashion blind  
To the far richer graces of the mind;

In whose pure heart no clarion voice of  
fame,  
Shouting with flatteries loud some honoured  
name,  
Can drown that deeper voice, which, still  
and small,  
Whispers that truth and love are more  
than all.

Thanks for the graceful hospitalities  
That I have shared, the harmless plea-  
santries,

The love of all things beautiful, that flings  
The hues of glory o'er life's common things;  
The friendly talk, when heart to heart  
replied,

As in the crystal water's resting tide,  
Face answers face. Through heavy clouds  
and showers

I see the sunlight of those golden hours;  
And turning oft from present gloom or  
pain,

With some dear friend I live them o'er  
again.

A happy New Year to the children dear!  
And I wish that I could bring them  
Some pictures rare, or blossoms fair,  
Or a pleasant song might sing them.

But no gold have I, such gifts to buy  
As would fill their hearts with gladness;  
On fields white with snow no blossoms can  
grow,

And my songs have a touch of sadness.

I can only wish joy to each light-hearted  
boy;

And for many bright years to come,  
May peace, like a dove, o'er their hearts  
warm with love,  
Spread its wings in the shelter of home.

As tones soft and strong, in the concord of  
song,

The strength of the melody prove,  
So may each generous heart sing har-  
monious part

In the anthem of family love.

May each gentle boy be a well-spring of  
joy

To the hearts that most tenderly love  
him;

And with clear earnest eye, looking up to  
the sky,

See ever the glory above him.

Once more I give you joy! though in the  
sky

Some heavy clouds may hang, faith's  
tranquil eye

Looketh beyond, where far above, the sun  
Shines ever in unclouded splendour on.

Swift may all clouds disperse, or in soft  
rain

Pour fruitful showers upon the thirsty  
plain.



May joy go with you through life's rugged  
ways,  
And health and wealth be yours, and  
grateful praise;  
And to long years this union sweet extend,  
Still grow stronger, sweeter to the end.

And may that hope, half doubt and half  
believing,  
Strengthen to perfect faith that all the  
living  
Shall live again; that he who doth so  
cherish  
His creatures, that naught utterly doth  
perish—  
Who guards the very dust our footsteps  
tread,—  
Will surely leave no spirit with the dead.  
C. G.

### "I AM NOT ASHAMED OF THE GOSPEL OF CHRIST."

So spake St. Paul, the Apostle of the  
Gentiles. Fearless of danger, unheed-  
ing scorn or ridicule, he travelled far  
and wide to preach the truth in which  
he believed. Nothing cowed his brave  
spirit, or turned him aside from the  
fulfilling of his mission; nay, he scarcely  
gave a thought to any possible peril or  
trial that might come upon him, and  
when suffering persecution or hardship,  
he welcomed it as an honour, in a spirit  
of holy faith which to most of us is so  
wonderful as to be almost incompre-  
hensible.

How unlike us modern Christians, as  
we call ourselves! Even putting aside  
the fear of owning unpopular opinions,  
how many scarcely dare confess to  
caring for what is right at all? In the  
time of Jesus there was especial tempta-  
tion to hypocrisy—pretending to be  
good—against which he constantly  
warned his followers.

Would he not warn us sometimes  
now against pretending to be bad? We  
have so great a dread of professing too  
much that we are very apt to fall into  
the other extreme. In many drawing-  
rooms the simple explanation of any  
apparently strange course of conduct—  
"I think I ought," or "because it's  
right," would be received with a well-  
bred stare and speedy changing of the  
conversation, or a scrutinising glance  
as if to test the sincerity of the speaker.  
It seems now to need a slight effort of  
courage in a young man to speak

openly of religious or charitable work  
in which he is engaged. Very often he  
ascribes to himself some lower motive  
than the real one: "There's not much  
to do on Sunday," or "One must fill  
up the time," in a half apologetic tone.

Alas for us! Are we so good that  
we need hide away any small and  
meagre efforts that we make—one or two  
slight, insignificant sacrifices amidst a  
heap of selfishness and luxury? We  
need not hide the few and scattered  
flowers; the tall rank weeds will cover  
them enough.

But if such a weak fear dominates  
the educated classes, as they are called,  
how difficult it must *really* be for those  
who, mixing among all sorts of people,  
some of low and coarse nature, are ex-  
posed, not only to unspoken criticism,  
but coarsely-expressed comments, unre-  
strained by society conventionalism? In  
many factories and workrooms, to con-  
fess to attending a religious class must  
require a brave effort.

The great help to outspokenness lies  
in the thought that if we are strong, a  
weaker spirit may gain support from  
us. Often, if we did but know it,  
among those around us is some younger,  
weaker one, who, if we have but  
courage to speak up for the right, up-  
held by our strength, by the sense of  
right in another, will go on steadily and  
without faltering, as Whittier says:—

If there be some weaker one  
Give me strength to help him on;  
If a blinder soul there be,  
Let me guide him nearer Thee.

If this thought live in our hearts,  
we shall never dare to trifle, feeling  
that by so doing we deny our master,  
and put a stumbling-block in our  
brother's way, but rather, full of the  
sense of our responsibility, speak boldly  
the faith that is in us. M. R.

HOW THEY GOT ACQUAINTED.—"How  
did you come to know her?" asked the  
mother of her little girl, as she saw her  
bidding good-bye to a poorly-dressed child  
at the church door. "Why, you see,  
mamma, she came into our Sunday-school  
all alone, and I made a place for her on  
my seat; and I smiled and she smiled,  
and then we got acquainted," was the  
pleasant answer.



## THE DIVINITY OF NATURAL AFFECTIONS.

THE world will never know how much it is indebted to the affectionate interest, the cordial words, the generous hospitality, experienced by Christ under the roof of his rural home at Bethany. It will never know how much a brother's loving spirit and woman's sisterly kindness, aided and encouraged even the Divine Master in the fulfilment of his important mission. No one who has a human heart, and has felt the ennobling influence of kindly sympathy, can doubt that Christ went forth from that scene of social communion, from the presence and smiles of those he loved, refreshed and strengthened for the great work before him. No one who knows the value and power of human kindness to cheer and encourage, can doubt that he, who was "touched by the spirit of our infirmities," was also cheered in the midst of his weariness and labours by his visits to that cottage home of Lazarus and his sisters—that the sunshine which was reflected there from happy faces and loving hearts, warmed his own bosom, and that expressions of love and encouragement from others were a fresh baptism of hope to his own divine soul.

Much of the theology of our times glorifies the deity of Christ, and demands for him the admiration and homage of mankind, because he is the second person in the Trinity, and possesses the attributes of the Supreme. But we are ready to confess that it is rather the humanity of Christ that most interests us, and which in our view imparts the brighter lustre and beauty to his character. There is no fact in his whole history more interesting, or instructive than that he had a human heart, which with all its wants, passions, and sympathies, throbbed in harmony with the great pulse of humanity—that every social fibre which God has implanted in the nature of man found a responsive chord in his bosom. Such a view presents him to the human mind in a natural and attractive light. It removes that veil of profound mystery and unspeakable awe which has so long concealed him from the best affections and rational

convictions of mankind, and reveals him as having a nature in common with the race, as a being of like feelings, needs, trials, hopes; the son of man, the first and elder brother in God's new moral creation.

This whole subject opens a wide field for thoughtful contemplation, but the particular point to which the attention of the reader is called, is the fact that our Saviour was endowed to the fullest extent with what are termed natural affections, and these affections were represented and exercised by him during his ministry on the earth. No feature of his character stands more conspicuous or illustrious on the pages of the New Testament. In the midst of the gravest responsibilities and the grandest duties, he did not forget that he was a human being, nor smother the emotions of his tender and sympathetic nature. He recognised his kinship with the race. He formed attachments of friendship, he participated in scenes of social intercourse, he attended the feast and the wedding, he mingled his tears with the weeping sisters of Lazarus, he took little children in his arms, he had his beloved disciple, his chosen companions, his favourite places of abode, his circle of loved and cherished ones. In the light of these interesting facts, these ties and affections of our common nature, are clothed with a new beauty and a more sacred dignity. Since Christ lived and loved, these social instincts and wants seem no longer merely human, but exalted and divine. Since he wept, a deeper meaning and a holier interest is imparted to every tear that is shed over new-made graves, or springs, from the fountains of human sorrow. Since he attended the wedding at Cana of Galilee, a diviner joy and a more profound sacredness is given to every marriage scene by the consciousness of his spiritual presence. I need not repeat here the story of his eventful life. I need not recite the record of his benevolent deeds, of his untiring efforts to benefit and bless all classes of humanity; of his sympathising spirit with all conditions of sorrow and want. These things are familiar to every Christian mind. And they show that



Christ had a human heart which thrilled to the touch of grief or joy—that he possessed in a large degree those feelings commonly denominated natural and social, and sought occasions to employ and exercise them.

In the process of that judgment that occurs under the reign of Christ, those were accepted who lived in obedience to these instincts of humanity, who fed the hungry, clothed the naked, visited the sick, who acted precisely as we should expect those would act who followed the promptings of their best affections or their natural sympathies. We can hardly conceive of a theory more anti-Christian than that which represents the God-given instincts and impulses of man's social nature as being wholly destitute of any real goodness in the sight of God, the veritable author of them, or which says that there is no religion in the active exercise of them, when the crowning glory in the life of Christ consisted in the fact that he himself went about doing good.

If there is any page in the history of human nature which is marked with a brighter lustre than any other, it is that on which is recorded the many beautiful and touching exhibitions of what are termed the natural affections. What acts of noble self-denial and patient endurance has not man performed for those who were objects of his attachment and love! What sacrifices has he not been willing to make, and sufferings to endure, for the sake of his brother in peril and need! And how many and precious are the examples of heroic martyrdom which have been born of changeless devotion and persistent fidelity to the holiest instincts of his heart! The annals of every-day life even as they are written of the humble poor, of the deeds and sacrifices of the lowly, are often filled with instances of such sweet patience and such disinterested and holy love as have power to touch the roughest nature and move the hardest heart!

What, indeed, is it that makes life attractive, the world beautiful, sweetens toil, and sheds sunshine along the path we are called to tread, if not these ties of social endearment; these golden fibres of the heart that reach out and

cling so tenderly to friends, kindred, and home. We all know how true this is. What can be more beautiful and holy than a mother's love? Look in upon the countless homes scattered over our globe, in savage or civilised nations. So with all these ties of man's social and affectional nature which are so firmly interwoven into the life of the individual and society, the love of brothers and sisters, of husbands and wives, the bonds of friendship, the endearments of home, the magnetism of congenial spirits, these all spring from that nature which the Creator has bestowed upon his children for wise and gracious purposes. The feelings of man's social nature may become perverted and abused and that they may through ignorance or wickedness be fastened upon unworthy objects and employed for unlawful purposes. But it is not the divine quality of these affections in their abused or perverted state for which we are contending. We ask only that they may be viewed, just as God made them, in their natural, primitive condition. And no one viewing them in this light, unless blinded by religious error, can regard them as originally vile and corrupt, or feel that there is no religion in the lawful exercise of them. It seems hardly possible to conceive that our Maker could bestow on any class of beings a social constitution more perfect, affections more delicate, or fervent, or better adapted to accomplish the purposes for which they were intended, than those which he has placed in the heart of man. And in our view that life is the noblest, and that spirit the most divine, which gives the greatest activity to one's natural powers and sympathies.

V. LINCOLN.

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A STRANGE DELIGHT.—An Aberdeen man was telling his symptoms—which appeared to himself of course dreadful—to a Scotch medical friend, who, at each new item of disorder, exclaimed, "Delightful! Charming! Pray go on!" And when he had finished, the doctor said, with the utmost pleasure, "Do you know, my dear sir, you have got a complaint which has been for some time supposed to be extinct. I am so glad."



## A CHRISTMAS DAY.

I WENT to see my nephews and nieces last Christmas Eve, and after I had given them my bundle of presents, and the little ones had had a ride on my knee, beginning with the youngest, till I was not quite sure whether the last had not grown quite too big, but was assured that Cissy always had had a ride on Uncle George's knee on Christmas Eve, as well as the baby, so Cissy had to have a ride too. Then Cissy, and Robert, and Anne, and Charlie shouted in chorus, "Now you must tell us a story!" Even the little toddlers of two and a-half lisped out, "Ou tell uth a 'tory." So the next question was, "What shall it be about? Shall it be about Smiler, or good Dog Tray, or about the Fairy and the Princess?" But no, Bob said it was to be a Christmas story, and "real true;" "the first Christmas Day, Uncle George, you ever remember."

Well, it was in vain I tried to explain that the first Christmas Day I remembered was not a particularly happy day. Nothing would do, but they must have the day just as it happened. So here is the story.

"I was a very little boy, younger than any of you, except Charlie and Toddles, for I was only just four years old, but I remember the day as well as if it all happened yesterday. It was very, very cold, and the lake was frozen hard, and papa and my elder brothers had gone a long walk to see the skating and sliding, and I and my two little sisters—Lucy, who was six, and May, who was eight years old—were left alone with mamma, and I remember going with her to see the plums, and the oranges, and cakes, the almonds and raisins, all so good, taken out of the cupboard on the landing of the stairs, and then down with her to give the almonds and cakes to cook, when there came a ring at the bell, and cook said a man wanted to speak to mamma (I did not then know what the man said, but I know now he said that there was a fire in a wood store near to us); and then mamma came down and picked me up in her arms, and calling my two little sisters, told them to put on their bonnets directly, but they could not find my

hat, so my brother's school cloak—can see it now, with its brass chain and hook and fur collar—was thrown over my head, and I rode pick-a-back on the shoulders of the man, who had come to tell us the news.

"And where did he carry you to, Uncle George?"

"Oh, not far. My aunt lived only a few doors off in the same block, and there my two little sisters and myself were left in charge of the cook, as my aunt and everybody else in the house had gone out; but the cook was too busy to attend to us, so we three little children wandered about the house, till we found we could get a peep at the fire from the landing of the stairs, and there we remained, in the bitter cold shivering, and looking at the fire."

"Oh, Uncle George! Did you stay there all Christmas Day?"

"Not quite, my dear," I said, laughing; "but I stayed there a time that appeared to me as if it would never come to an end. But at last the old servant came home, and spoke kindly to us, and said the fire would not come over to us, nor near to our dear mamma, only mamma had sent us out of the way, to be quite safe. By-and-by my aunt came home, and then I rather think I had cried, and cried till I was tired, and that I went to sleep upon her lap, for I don't remember anything more till it was quite dark, and they said it was time to go home; and I was taken up on the landing again, and showed that the fire was almost out, no blaze, but only a few sparks; and then, as mamma had not forgotten to send round my own hat and cloak, I was properly dressed, and walked home with my aunt, and found that the Christmas table was all spread, and everything looked bright and cheerful, though I think it was not so lively as other Christmas Days, but mamma said we ought to be more thankful than usual, because the fire had been put out so easily, and because we had a nice Christmas dinner to eat, instead of finding our house on fire, and having no home to come to."

"And is that all, Uncle George?"

"What more do you want?"

I was immediately pounced upon



and forced to go down on my hands and knees, for the Elephant in the good Fairy tale, to carry the Princess (Anne) three times round the World (the room), and very hard work I found that third time. What other tasks I should have had to perform, I don't know, but the children's mother (my sister May of the story) came in, and said there was a poor woman at the door with a little boy, and that they had both been nearly lost in the snow. Now, here was an opportunity for the good Fairy Cissy to prove a right, real, good Fairy; and out she and the Princess (Anne) and all the children ran, and brought in the little boy, who was very shy at first, but he soon became quite free and lively among the many smiling faces, and laughed aloud for joy when Bob, after saying, "Mayn't I give him my new ball, Uncle George," put it into his hand; and soon supper was ready, and little Dick—for that was his name—after kissing his mother, Mrs. Blake, sat down as happy as a king between Cissy and Bob.

Then after supper, as the poor woman, Mrs. Blake, could not stay the night, as she said her husband would be waiting for them at home, Peter came round with the covered cart—we had no other carriage—and Mrs. Blake, dressed in Cissy's new shawl, and carrying off Anne and Charlie's new presents, which they insisted on sending with her for her other two children at home, went away, blessing them and us for our kindness to her.

After she had gone, it was getting late, so kissing my dear nieces and nephews, I too trudged home, but not before they had all exclaimed in chorus, "Oh, Uncle George, we have had such a happy Christmas Eve!" And so, indeed, they had, for they had all given up their presents to give happiness to others.

DID men govern themselves as they ought, instead of trying to govern each other, the world would be well disciplined.

WE live in deeds, not in years; in thoughts, not in breaths; in feelings, not in figures on a dial. We should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.

## HINTS FOR WORK AMONGST LADS.

THERE is one crucial difficulty—the retention of boys between the ages of thirteen and fifteen, when they are just beginning to leave day school for work, and catching the spirit of independence. Too young for Bible-classes, and yet too old to come as children, they seem to require some intermediate position. Five or six years ago we formed the first six classes of boys below the Bible-classes into a separate group under the name of the "First Division;" we adopted with them a somewhat more manly and confidential tone, and strove to make their connection with the teachers a more personal matter, giving them at the same time some slight distinguishing privileges. Just, as it were, anticipating rather than ignoring their growing sense of their own importance. A few simple artifices have indicated the position in which we desire them to feel themselves; their classes are called by the teachers' names in lieu of numbers: magazines are lent to them from one Sunday to the next: the classes are in a room by themselves, with rather different hours of attendance from the rest—one of their teachers being sectional superintendent of them. Thus they are tolerably well marked off (and are fully conscious of it) from the Bible-classes on the one hand, and from the lower school on the other. The boys have stayed with us far more uniformly, and attended with greater regularity, and are marked by a higher tone and appreciativeness than before. The older classes below the first division are attached to us by the prospect of the rise in position: the first division classes look forward to the Bible-class. Still more, the somewhat closer connection with the teachers, and the greater individual sympathy possible and natural with them, is a valuable support against the peculiar temptations of that age. In a youth's educational and social club success is to be found generally in the personal influence of some friend of youth who will, through constant oversight, be largely, though not obtrusively, autocratic.



## A QUIET LIFE.

My house is humble, yet within its walls  
Contentment doth abide;  
And from the wings of Peace a blessing  
falls,  
Like dew at eventide.

You think my soul is narrow, like the  
room  
Wherein I toil for bread,  
And that, because oblivion is my doom,  
I might as well be dead.

Yet are you sure the riches are not mine,  
The poverty your own?  
Is he not rich who finds his lot divine,  
In hovel or on throne?

You judge me by the narrow boundaries  
Twixt which my body moves;  
But I behold a wider land that lies  
Free to the soul that loves.

Is that not mine in which I hourly take,  
My largesse of delight?  
Are not all things created for his sake  
Who reads their meaning right?

Is it not mine, this landscape I behold?—  
Mine to enjoy and use  
For all life's noble uses, though no gold  
Has made it mine to lose!

I know the wood-paths where the feet of  
spring  
Have left their print in flowers:  
And all the chorals that the wild birds sing  
Through the long summer hours.

I watch the changeful light upon the grass,  
The wind-waves in the grain;  
I note the swift cloud-shadows as they  
pass  
Above the breezy plain.

Mine are the stillness of the autumn noons,  
The peace of tranquil eves,  
The sunset splendours, and the glimmering  
moons,  
The rain-fall on the leaves.

Nor these alone the pleasures that I know,  
The riches I possess;  
Still other things are mine, and they  
bestow  
A deeper happiness.

For unto me the past, with all its store  
Of untold wealth belongs;  
To me the singers and the saints of yore  
Repeat their prayers and songs.

Mine is the present, too; nor let it be  
Despised as little worth;  
I could not tell of all the good I see  
Each day upon the earth.

And for the future—but I may not speak  
Of all I hope for then!  
The glories of that city which I seek,  
No tongue can tell, or pen.

So the day rounds to fulness, and the night  
Is blessed like the day;  
For God who makes the darkness and the  
light  
Keeps every tear away.

## AN EXCITING ADVENTURE.

WHEN I was just three-and-twenty,  
I went into the country with the builder  
for whom I worked, to carry out one of  
his contracts, and while there I fell in  
love with the prettiest girl I had ever  
seen. She seemed so flattered with my  
attentions that I was full of hope until  
an old lover joined our force.

Then I found out my mistake, as  
Mary gave me the cold shoulder. My  
successful rival, Ben Lloyd, and I were  
not, of course, the best of friends; still  
I bore him no ill-will, and being of a  
cheery temper, soon got the best of it  
and in time we became great cronies.

I went to his wedding, and after that  
often dropped into their neat little cot-  
tage to see them, and got to look upon  
Mary as a sort of sister. Ben had no  
grounds for jealousy, though evil tongues  
I found, were busy.

The contract was nearly up, when a  
lightning-conductor upon one of the  
highest chimneys over at Llanelly  
sprang, and the owner of the works  
offered our master the job.

"It's just the sort of thing for you,  
Harry," said Mr. —, when he told  
us of it.

I touched my cap and accepted it off-  
hand, and Ben stepped up and said he'd  
volunteer to be the second man, two  
being required.

"All right," said the master, "you  
are the steadiest-headed fellows I have."  
The price is a good one, and every  
penny of it shall be divided between  
you. We'll not fix a day for this work,  
but take the first calm morning." So  
it was that, some four or five mornings  
after, we found ourselves at the factory  
all ready.

The kite by which the line attached  
to the block was to be sent over the  
chimney was flown, and did its work  
well; the rope which was to hand up  
the cradle was ready, and stepping in,  
Ben and I began the ascent.

As I went up I saw crowds gathered  
to watch us.



"There are plenty of star-gazers, Ben," said I, waving my cap to them. "I dare say they'd like to see us come down with a run."

"Can't you keep quiet?" said Ben, in so strange a voice that I turned to look at him.

There he lay in a heap at the bottom of the cradle, his eyes closed.

"You're not afraid," said I.

"What's that to you?"

"Nothing; but if you don't get used to the height you may get dizzy."

Then I saw we were going up too fast.

They had not calculated right, and as sure as death the cradle would strike the coping, and if it did, death it would be, for the ropes would part.

There was no chance of signalling. I told Ben our only hope. We must swarm up the rope to the chimney top and let the cradle go its course.

We did so, and we scarcely landed when the cradle struck.

The rope gave a shrill, piercing sound, like a rifle ball passing through the air, and snapped.

Down went the cradle, and we were left nearly 300ft. in the air, with nothing to rest upon but a coping 18in. wide.

Ben shrieked out that he was a dead man.

"Hush, lad!" I said, "don't lose heart. Think of Mary, man, and keep up."

But he only shook and swayed more and more, groaning and crying out that he was lost; and I could see that if he did not mind he would over-balance.

"Get hold of the rod," I said, thinking that, even sprung as it was, the touch of it would give him courage.

"Where is it, boy?" he said, hoarsely, and then looking into his face, which was turned to me, I saw that his eyes were drawn together, squinting and bloodshot, and knew that the fright had driven him blind.

So pushing myself to him, I placed my arm around his waist and worked around to the rod, which I put in his hand; and then I looked below to see whether they were trying to help us, but there was no sign. The yard was

full of people all running hither and thither, and, as I afterwards knew, all in the greatest consternation, the cradle having fallen on one of the overseers of the works, killing him instantly, and so occupied the attention of those near that we were for the time forgotten.

I was straining my eyes in hopes of seeing some effort made to help us, when I was startled by a horrible yell, and brought to a sense of new danger, for, looking round, I saw Ben clamping with his teeth, foaming at the mouth, and gesticulating in an unearthly way. Fear had not only blinded him, but had crazed his brain.

Scarcely had I time to comprehend this, when he began edging his way toward me, and every hair on my head seemed to stand on end, as I moved away, keeping as far off as I could, and scarcely daring to breathe, lest he should hear me, for see he could not—that was my only consolation.

Once—twice—thrice—he followed me round the mouth of that horrible chimney; then, no doubt thinking I had fallen over, he gave up the search, and began trying to get on his feet. What could I do to save his life?

To touch him was certain death to myself as well as him, for he would inevitably seize me, and we should both go over together. To let him stand up was to witness his equally certain destruction.

I thought of poor Mary, and I remembered that if he died, she might get to care for me. The devil put that thought into my mind, I suppose, but, thank God, there was a stronger spirit than Satan near, and at the risk of life I roared out,

"Sit still or you will fall, Ben Lloyd!"

He crouched down and held on with clenched teeth, shivering and shaking. In after days, he told me that he thought that it was my spirit sent to warn and save him.

"Sit still!" I repeated from time to time, watching with aching eyes and brain for some sign of aid.

Each minute seemed to be an hour. My lips grew dry, my tongue literally clove to my mouth, and the perspiration running down nearly blinded me.



At last! at last hope came. The crowd began to gather in the yard, people were running in from distant lanes, and a sea of faces were turned upward; then some one who had got a speaking-trumpet shouted,

"Keep heart, boys, we'll save you!"

A few moments more and a kite began to rise. Up it came, nearer and nearer, guided by the skilful flyer. The slack rope crossed the chimney, and we were saved.

Ben, obeying my order, got into the cradle. I followed, but no sooner did I touch him than he began trying to get out. I got hold of him, and taking it in his head that I was attempting to throw him over, he struggled and fought like the madman he was, grappling, tearing with his teeth, shouting, shrieking, and praying all the way down, while the cradle strained and cracked, swinging to and fro like the pendulum of a clock.

As we came near the ground I could hear the roar of voices, and an occasional cheer; suddenly all was silent, for they heard Ben's cries, and when the cradle touched the ground scarcely a man dare look in. The first who did saw a horrible sight, for, exhausted by the struggle and excitement, so soon as the cradle stopped I had fainted, and Ben, feeling my hands relax, had fastened his teeth in my neck. No wonder the men fell back with blanched faces, they saw that Ben was crazed, but they thought that he had killed me, as they said, he was worrying me like a dog.

At last the master got to us, and pulled Ben off me. I soon came round, but it was a long time before he got well, poor fellow; and when he did come out of the asylum, he was never fit for his old trade again, so he and Mary went out to Australia, and the last I heard of them was that Ben had got a couple of thousand sheep, and was doing capitally.

I gave up the trade, too, soon after, finding that I got queer in the head when I tried to face a height. So that morning's work changed two men's lives.

PROSPERITY is a blessing to the good, but a curse to the evil.

## A SERMON ON PUSH—FOR BOYS.

WHEN cousin Will was at home for vacation, the boys always expected plenty of fun. The last frolic before he went back to his studies was a long tramp after hazel nuts. As they were hurrying along in high glee, they came upon a discouraged-looking man and a discouraged-looking cart. The cart was standing before an orchard. The man was trying to pull it up-hill to his own house. The boys did not wait to be invited, but ran to help with a good will. "Push! push!" was the cry.

The man brightened up; the cart trundled on as fast as rheumatism would do it, and in five minutes they all stood at the top of the hill.

"Obliged to ye," said the man; "you just wait a minute;" and he hurried into the house, while two or three pink-aproned children peeped out of the door.

"Now, boys, said cousin Will, "this is a small thing; but I wish we could all take a motto out of it, and keep it for life. 'Push!' It is just the word for a grand, clear morning. If anybody is in trouble, and you see it, don't stand back. Push!"

"If there's anything good doing in any place where you happen to be, push!"

"Whenever there's a kind thing, a Christian thing, a happy thing a pleasant thing, whether it is your own or not, whether it is at home or in church or at school, just help with all your might; push!"

At that moment the farmer came out with a dish of his wife's best nuts, and a dish of his own best apples, and that was the end of this little sermon.

## LOVE AND BE LOVED.

[Translated from the French by Mary Morrison.]

EVERY morning little Joan read a chapter in the Bible to her mother. One cannot learn about God too early!

One morning she read the fourth chapter of the first epistle of St. John. When she came to the 19th verse, she read these words: "We love Him because He first loved us."



"Whom do we love?" asked her mother.

"Our Lord and Saviour," answered Joan.

"Who loved us first?"

"The Lord; but mamma, what do the words mean—'He first loved us?'"

"They mean, my child, that God loves us long before we love Him.

When you were born you did not love.

You were a very little child, and you did not understand. In the meanwhile

God loved you, for He gave you parents, a cradle to sleep in, and clothes to wear. When you grew

older you were often naughty and disobedient, but in spite of that He loved

you, for He gave you bread and meat, health and strength; He gave you

playthings and amusements; through His power, you have been taught about

Jesus, who came to this world to make you happy and prepare you for Heaven.

This is how God loved you first."

"Now I understand!" exclaimed Joan.

"Well, do not forget it," said her mother; "remember that in return you must love and serve Him."

The next day Joan's little cousin Mary came to make her a visit. Mary

was not a very sweet-tempered child; she wanted her own way in everything.

She wanted whatever any one else had.

Joan had a very pretty doll, of which she was very fond; but Mary admired

it also, and she wanted to take it. Joan refused, because she was afraid

she would break it. Mary began to sob and cry; she sat down, covered

her face, and refused to play.

Then Joan went to her mother, who was in another chamber.

"Mamma," said she, "Mary is naughty, she will not play. She does not love me."

"Do you wish her to love you?" asked her mother.

"Oh, yes!" answered Joan.

"Then act with her as God does with us. Love her first."

Joan was silent. She knew that her mother was right. Then, running to

her little cousin, she gave her doll to her saying:—

"Here, Mary, take my dolly; we will play together."

Mary thanked her with a joyous

look. Joan helped her to dress and undress the doll, bending all her efforts to please her. Mary was delighted, and she spent a charming afternoon.

When she went home, she said to her mother: "Joan is a very nice little girl. I like her very much. Will you let me give her that pretty picture that I bought the other day?"

Her mother willingly gave her permission, but was much surprised that Mary should be willing to give away a thing that she valued so much. "It appears," she said to herself, "that Joan has had a very good influence on my daughter. I never saw her so generous and good-natured."

The next day Mary gave her engraving to Joan.

Joan showed the pretty picture to her mother.

"Would you have thought," said she, "that Mary would ever have given me anything like this?"

"Why, yes," her mother answered smiling, "a blessing always comes to those who love first."

## PICKLES AND TARTS.

### I.

I LIKE pickles and I like tarts,  
I like plums with stones in their hearts,  
I like vinegar sometimes, too,  
But you cross little girl, I don't like you.

Tarts and pickles

And pins and prickles

Are nicer to eat, to touch, and to view,  
Than a fretful maiden, with eyes of blue,  
Who seems to have nothing at all to do

But to cry and moan,

To whimper and groan,

To pout all alone,

Like a toad on a stone,

Because her mother is going away,  
And leaves her at home for half a-day.

### II.

I like pickles and I like tarts,  
Of dinner they form agreeable parts;  
But pickles and tarts my palate cloy  
If they come in the shape of a naughty boy.

Knives and sickles

And scissors and stickles

Are nicer neighbours to meet by the way  
Than a fellow who always wants to stay  
Just where he's not any business to play.

O dear me!

I love to see

A young gentleman free,

And fuller of glee

Than a bird or a bee the livelong day;  
But he never is that till he learns to obey.



## WAYSIDE GATHERINGS.

**NO REDUCTION OF WAGES OF ONE FIRM.**—A clergyman recently aroused his sleepy audience by asserting in the most positive manner that, "notwithstanding the hard times, the wages of sin have not been cut down one iota."

**ANSWERED.**—At one of the schools in Cornwall, the inspector asked the children if they could quote any text of scripture which forbade a man having two wives. One of the children sagely quoted in reply the text, "No man can serve two masters."

**IN THREE PIECES.**—The wish has sometimes been expressed that useful men could appear in more places than one at the same time. From a newspaper paragraph the thing has been nearly accomplished, as we learn that Wilson, the celebrated vocalist, was upset one day in his carriage near Edinburgh. A Scotch paper, after recording the accident, said: "We are happy to state he was able to appear the following evening in three pieces?"

**A CLERGYMAN'S DIFFICULTY.**—A Dutch clergyman was in the habit of giving out two lines of a hymn at a time for the choir to sing. One dark, rainy day he could not see the words, and said, "Mine eyes ishdim, I cannot see: I left mine specks at home." The choir, supposing this to be the hymn struck up the time of common metre. The old fellow bawled out, "Mein Gott! mein Gott! that ish no hymn. I only said mine eyes vash dim." The choir sang these two lines, the old fellow saying, "I dink de debil's in you all. Dat vash no hymn at all."

**AFORE THE CREATION.**—An old bachelor, very fond of geological studies, had an old housekeeper. The minister, meeting her one day in the road, asked, "Well, Lizzie, how is your master?" "Deed, sir, he's no weel ava," she replied. "No! What is the matter with him, Lizzie?" "Gude kens, sir; but he's aye complainin', and troth, sir, he'll ne'er be weel." "How is that, Lizzie?" "Weel, sir, ye see he's aye write, writin' a' the day maist, and lang into the hours of night; an' he canna get richt an' weel." "What is he writing about, Lizzie?" "Ah, Gude kens, sir; but it's nae gude. He reads lang skreeds o' it to me whiles i' the fore-night; but 'deed I'd rather he'd keep it a' to himself." "But what is he writing about?" "Weel," said she, drawing close up to her interrogator, and speaking in a subdued voice, "as I said, it's nae gude, su; it's a history o' the world afore the creation!"

**A CAUTIOUS BOY.**—The boy at Sunday school, when asked who made the beautiful surrounding hills, replied that he did not know, as his parents had only moved into town the day before.

**SILENCED.**—"Thank Heaven," said a tormented passenger, "there are no new boys in Heaven." "No," replied the new boy, "but what comfort do you find that?" The man didn't say, and everybody else looked pleased.

**ONE IDEA OF A GENTLEMAN.**—A nobleman who is in the habit of speaking to soldiers in an affable manner, was much amused when a guardsman said to him, in a hearty way, "I like you, my lord. There's nothing of the gentleman about you."

**ADVICE.**—Many persons are plagued with dyspepsia or with nervousness. We have had the following sent us for the good as a cure:—"Change your diet at once; eat plain food; drink neither coffee nor tea; never drink at meal times; after every meal, or during the meal, dissolve half a tea spoonful or more of cayenne pepper in half a glassful of milk, and drink it; eat plain foods; never taste pastry of any kind. If you are troubled with sleepless nights, do not try to promote sleep by taking stimulants or opiates—they do more harm than good; take a sponge bath just before retiring, and, if you are unable to do it yourself, get someone to rub you well with a coarse towel. If you wake in the night and cannot get to sleep again, get up at once, not lie in bed; you 'get nervous thinking about it,' take a foot bath; rub your limbs well and get up a circulation; drink a glass of cold water. Do not expect to cure yourself in one week's time; have patience, and try it one month. In bathing, use your hands to apply the water; they are much better than a sponge; soften the water with borax, it is more invigorating than salt water."

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